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8-12-1886

Providence Independent, V. 12, Thursday, August 12, 1886, [Whole Number: 582]

Providence Independent

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Recommended Citation

Independent, Providence, "Providence Independent, V. 12, Thursday, August 12, 1886, [Whole Number: 582]" (1886). *Providence Independent Newspaper, 1875-1898*. 362.
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Department of Science.

EDITED BY DR. J. HAMER, SR.

Matter, Force and Consequent Motion.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

We have at times evidence when this game is in progress on the campus ground of Ursinus College; without any assistance from the nerve endings and cords concerned in vision, at any distance short of the exhaustion of the impulse concerned in causing waves of sound through the air and which reaches our organs of hearing from the vocal organs of those that enter into the spirit of the game, that the muscles connected with the action of these organs are moving in a vigorous manner.

Matter as it now exists around us is heterogeneous in its nature. There is a variation in the nature of bodies of different forms of matter through which they tend toward one or the other extreme, and the molecules of different parts of the same substance may become so affected as to tend in different directions. The terms used in expressing these extremes are polarities, positive and negative conditions. The electrical phenomenon through artificial means was first noted when amber was excited by friction, hence the word electricity from the Greek name of this electron (*nyektipon*). One of the means most commonly employed in bringing about this effect is the friction between a piece of silk and a rod of glass. But they should both be dry, for if either of these substances when rubbed together is moist, the arrested force from friction will pass off and not become manifest, as water is a conductor of force and motion in this form and the molecules of matter so far as the friction of the substances is concerned, and we have cognizance through any of our senses, remain in a state of inertia, unmoved and disturbed by no appreciable force and motion. If both are dry, and there is no other conductor to interfere when the experiment is made, the electric phenomenon is sure to become manifest. Bodies in which this phenomenon occurs through friction are termed electrics. They are electrics because they are non-conductors of the force and motion from which arises the phenomenon. But the conductors can be made electrics by isolation (placing them in contact with the non-conducting electrics). And there is no form of matter in nature which cannot be made an electric by attending to the law governing force and motion on the molecules of matter. In the phenomenon effected by friction (arrested force) we have what is called static electricity, and the substances in which a change in the aggregation of the particles of matter or molecular motion occurs are called electrostatics. The dry air being an electric and non-conductor is effected in the immediate vicinity in the same manner as the molecules composing the surface of the electric excited by friction, and the distance to which it is excited is in direct ratio to the amount of arrested force in friction. The tendency to escape and produce the phenomenon of the spark depends upon this extent into the surrounding atmosphere and is accurately proportional to its square. Thus in an excited brass ball with double or treble the amount of arrested force from friction, the force of the electricity to pass away will be quadrupled, or increased nine fold. In every case when bodies are rubbed together the phenomenon effected is completely mutual. They both present a phosphorescent appearance in the dark through the sense of vision, and have the same peculiar odor and separately give off sparks and shocks. But when combined the electrical phenomenon entirely ceases; which tends to confirm the vibratory or wave motion from arrested force as the cause of the phenomenon, a purely molecular derangement which the arrested force produces, without chemical action. In some mineral substances a change of temperature causes a manifestation of electrical polarity. If a long prism of tourmaline be heated one extremity becomes positive and the other negative; when the temperature attains its highest point and becomes stationary, all symptoms of electricity disappear, but on cooling they return; in the inverse order, however, the end which had been positive becomes negative, and so on. When opposite conditions are united uniformly, in the same body, they are in a state of equilibrium.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

A BROKEN VOW.

Every girl of my own particular set had decided that Wilfred West was my affinity and already a few of my most intimate female friends had offered me their congratulations, for Mr. West was an eminently eligible *patri*, well connected, wealthy, and strikingly handsome. He had come on a visit to a married sister, who resided in our quiet town, and it would be idle to deny that his presence created quite a flutter of excitement among the marriageable maidens of Mystic Water, one-half of whom were in love with him before the expiration of a week. I have said that he was strikingly handsome, and he certainly possessed that courteous, chivalrous manner toward women, which I suppose is never lost upon our impressionable sex. I was not, perhaps, in the stricter sense of the word, a beauty, but no one disputed my right to be called a very attractive girl, and it may be admitted that Mr. West's attentions were pronounced enough to give a color to the prevailing opinion that that gentleman was my lover. Perhaps my uncle, with whom I had lived since the death of my parents in my childhood, thought so, too.

"Maude," he said to me one evening, "it has been very evident for some time, even to an obtuse old man like myself, that young West is smitten by your charms."

"Why, uncle! how absurd," was my evasive reply, for I was perfectly conscious that Wilfred West loved me, although the declaration had not yet escaped him. Just as perfectly conscious as I had been of the love of another and another that had preceded him before the momentous confession was made to me by either.

"My dear Maude," my uncle went on, "you know I would never think of coercing you in the choice of a husband, but I will say that West is an estimable young man, and of an excellent family. You know I will be very sorry to lose you, but I would not fear to trust your future happiness to his keeping."

I placed my arm around my uncle's neck and, stooping, until my cheek touched his, I said almost in a whisper, "I'm sure as you say, uncle, that Mr. West is a very estimable young man, and——" I paused, a little embarrassed, and my uncle said gently as he sought to look into my face:

"And he has taught my birdie the old, old lesson, that youth will ever learn."

I pressed a kiss upon my uncle's cheek, and was about escaping from the room when his voice recalled me.

"I have other news for you. Orme has curtailed his holidays, and written to say he will be home to-morrow. He'll be rather astonished, I fancy, when he learns my little Maude has been won by a stranger in the six short weeks that he has been absent."

"It is a matter of the most profound indifference to me what Mr. Orme may think," I answered, "for I'm sure he has always studied to make himself particularly disagreeable to me."

"Oh! nonsense, Maude. It may be that Stephen Orme has never cultivated those graces and accomplishments that girls set so high an estimate. It may be that he has other ambitions, which, indeed, is likely, for Stephen is a very clever fellow."

Mr. Orme was my uncle's law partner, and I had known him as long as I could remember. As a child he had patronized and snubbed me by turns, for in those days he was an arrogant young gentleman, reading law in my uncle's office. When I returned from the French school, where I had been educated, I found him my uncle's partner and a lawyer with a reputation for ability that no one questioned. I had a keen recollection of those childhood days and I was thinking on the evening of my return if Mr. Orme would recognize in the dignified young lady, who had all the advantages of a Parisian modiste's art to enhance her charms, the little girl he had so often teased long years before. But neither by word or look did he betray surprise or admiration. He regarded me for a moment with a superciliously critical air, something after the manner in which an art virtuoso might take in all the points of a statue; and it was in his old patronizing way he answered: "Well, Maude, how do you like school?" "I had always displayed some talent in amateur theatricals, and it was with just a perceptible elevation of the eye-

brows and a perfect inflection of voice I reminded Mr. Orme that all save my most intimate friends were wont to address me as Miss Sutherland. He laughed quietly as he answered: "Why, child, as I can reckon myself among your oldest friends, I may claim the privilege of calling you Maude;" and the next moment he had turned away to discuss some point of law with my uncle.

It is not the vanity of a woman that prompts me now to write that before I was a month at home I had many adorers, but Stephen Orme was not among the number. In manner he was coldly polite to me, but I could not help thinking—and it irritated me to think it—that his most commonplace phrases when in conversation with me but thinly veiled a covert sarcasm. Mr. Orme had once expressed in my presence his repugnance for the character of a flirt, and afterwards I flirted to my heart's content. As the days wore on I felt I was growing positively to dislike him, and from this dislike was born the resolve, cost what it might, to win his love. A contradiction which will appear inexplicable to anyone but a woman, but in my secret soul I had registered a vow that I would bring Stephen Orme to my feet. By every dissimulation which is our prerogative, I would win his love to spurn it with scorn.

When Wilfred West called the following evening, he found me seated in the lawn before the house. As my eyes met his I knew he had come prepared to make me a formal offer of his hand, but as it did not suit my purpose to hear his declaration, I was resolved to frustrate his intention. It requires a tact which every girl does not possess to hold an impulsive lover well in hand on such an occasion, and I laughed silently at Mr. West's discomfiture as I adroitly changed the conversation into a prosaic channel when I found him drifting into a dreamy sentimentality. I had been turning over the leaves of a volume of Moore, and as he took it from my hand he said: "Do you know, Miss Sutherland, I believe that Moore is the poet-laureate of lovers? Are not these lines, for instance, beautiful:

"By the shade, of yon Sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline;
And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips
That had never been sighed upon any but mine."

"I can hardly agree with your estimate of Moore," I said. "There is plenty of sentiment, but an absence of genuine feeling in his love poems, and, beautiful as they are, they appeal rather to the intellect of the scholar than heart of the lover. Even the lines you have read appear to me something like nonsense."

"And yet, Miss Sutherland, they embody the dream of every man who ever loved purely and sincerely."

I opened my eyes with childlike innocence as I said, naively:

"Indeed, Mr. West!"

"Indeed, yes, Miss Sutherland. What man, no matter how sullied his own soul may have become, who has not dreamed that sweetest dream? Oh, Maude!"

There was a heavy footstep on the gravel path that led from the roadway to the house, and Mr. West paused abruptly. I did not turn my eyes in the direction, and yet I knew it was Mr. Orme who was approaching. My pose at the moment was singularly graceful, and I remained as immovable as a statue until I heard Mr. Orme's voice:

"Well, child, how are you?"

I rose with a little start of surprise as I exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Orme, you are welcome home!"

"Thank you. I suppose I shall find your uncle home?" He seemed to have utterly ignored my companion, as he sometimes ignored others, with a clever man's stupendous self-conceit, and was passing into the house, when I detained him, and said demurely:

"Mr. Orme, this is Mr. West, my—my uncle's friend." There was just a suspicion of embarrassment in his voice, a touch of color on my cheeks, and Mr. Orme favored me with a sharp, inquiring glance.

The contrast in appearance between the two men was indeed striking. Wilfred West was slight and handsome, and dressed with a taste faultlessly correct; but not one girl in a thousand would call Stephen Orme good-looking. He was stoutly built, with a massive head and strongly marked features, and was rather careless than

otherwise as to personal appearance. Repugnant as was his society generally to me, I was determined to detain him now. Mr. West had fallen into a sullen silence, and my uncle's partner was curt of speech, as was usual with him whenever he addressed me, but I prattled on in my prettiest way, rather enjoying the situation, until the arrival of my uncle enabled me to escape from Mr. West's threatened declaration.

A week passed, and one evening I was seated down by the seaside, half a mile distant from my uncle's house. It was there that Wilfred West found me. As I rose at his approach I could not help remarking his flushed and eager face, and the happy light that shone in his soft brown eyes.

"Maude," he said, "now you cannot escape until you hear what I would have told you on that evening of Mr. Orme's arrival. But you have already divined what I would say, how my heart went out to you that evening when first we met to be yours forevermore. Let me look into your eyes, dearest, and read my answer in their innocent depths. Let me——" There was a footstep among the rough-hewn rocks above us, and Wilfred West, pausing abruptly, looked upward. It did not need his exclamation, "Confound the fellow! he seems to be my evil genius," to convince me it was Stephen Orme who was descending the path. My eyes were fixed on the ground while yet my hand was tightly clasped in Wilfred West's as he passed.

I watched him as he strode along the cliff and into a little boat moored to a jetting rock, and push out on the placid waters of the bay. Wilfred West speaking to me again, telling me that story, I had heard from other lips before. What woman's heart would not be touched to see that handsome, earnest face, and hear a voice grown eloquent with love. Yet was I watching a solitary rower far out in the bay. Watching the sparkling drops that fell from the slender oar blades as they flashed in the sunlight and dipped in the waters with measured regularity. And with this answer Mr. West had fain to be content. If he possessed his soul in patience, he would hear my decision in a week perhaps.

I lingered among the rocks I know not how long after he had left me; lingered until I heard the rattle of the row locks as Mr. Orme's boat was driven swiftly to its mooring place. I was intently absorbed in the pages of a book as he approached me. "Not gone home yet, Maude? Do you know it is almost six o'clock?"

"Is it so late, really? But I was so interested in my book, and then I was thinking of a thousand things."

"Among which thousand things, we will suppose, Maude, was that interesting tete-a-tete with Mr. West this afternoon. Come, own up, child, that he was making love to you."

I was looking steadily in his eyes as I said:

"Suppose he was, Mr. Orme; for he asked me to be his wife."

We had reached the roadway, and he paused suddenly. "Maude——"

"I wish you would not call me Maude, Mr. Orme."

"Pardon me, Miss Sutherland; I shall not sin in that way again. But it would not be difficult to guess the answer you gave Mr. West."

"What answer would he get from half the girls in this place, who are distractedly in love with him? No, it should not be difficult to guess my answer, Mr. Orme."

Every trace of color faded from the rugged face before me, and I saw the strong mouth quiver for a moment, but when he spoke an instant later his voice was calm and firm as usual.

"Let me be the first to congratulate you, Miss Sutherland, and good evening."

The blood was rushing from heart to brain when he had left me, and I felt a sense of wild exultation as I told myself:

"At last I know he loves me. A scornful pride may forever seal your lips, but, Stephen Orme, I know you love me."

The days passed on, and though I knew I had conquered his stronger nature, my victory was a barren one. Day after day we were drifting farther apart, and even a woman's vanity could not inspire the hope that he would ever plead as other men had pleaded for my love.

I had written my answer one evening to Wilfred West, when Mr. Orme entered the room.

"Miss Sutherland," he said, "a professional engagement calls me away to San Francisco, and as I may be absent for six months or more, I came to say good-by. And I thought you would not regard the coming worth the trouble."

"It is a woman's privilege to think very foolish things occasionally, and yet I would like to know why you thought so."

"Because I thought we were no longer friends. That is, I felt I could no longer call you a friend of mine."

"And perhaps I am not. What if I tell you that friendship was long ago absorbed in a stronger passion. What if I tell you that I love you—that I have long loved you, Miss Sutherland."

His voice was as cold and passionless as if he were arguing a law case before a bench of judges. "I did not think these words would ever pass my lips, and it is a poor apology for my weakness to say that my heart for once has played the traitor to my sober reason. I love you, Maude Sutherland; and I know the depth of degradation to which I have fallen when I speak such words to the affianced wife of another."

I was no longer looking into his face when I spoke to him. "Yes, it would be, indeed, a degradation to a man who did not hold his honor cheaply to speak such words to an affianced wife. You see to whom that letter is addressed. Could you guess, think you, what it contains?"

It was in his old, impatient way he answered me: "Oh! Heaven only knows what a girl is capable of writing in certain moments of her life."

"Indeed, I am almost willing to believe you since I have told as true and loyal a gentleman as ever asked a girl to be his wife that I cannot marry him."

"What do you mean, Maude Sutherland? Must the instinct of the coquette even now assert itself? Have you no thought for him; no pity for me?"

"I have told you the simple truth, Mr. Orme, and you have no right to speak to me like that."

Surely I did not dream one short half hour before that I would find myself in Stephen Orme's embrace, or feel his burning kisses on my lips. He pushed the hair back from my brow, and looked into my eyes, while a softened light glowed into his own.

"Maude, if you would not wreck my future life, tell me the truth."

"And what can I tell you Stephen? As a child I think I loved you; but darling, darling, I know I love you now."

How a Married Woman Goes to Sleep.

There is an article going the rounds entitled, "How the Girls Go to Sleep."

The manner in which they go to sleep, according to the article, can't hold a candle to the way a married woman goes to sleep. Instead of thinking of what she should have attended to before going to bed, she thinks of it afterward. While she is revolving these matters in her mind, and while snugly tucked up in bed, the old man is scratching his legs in front of the fire and wondering how he will pay the next month's rent. Suddenly she exclaims:

"James, did you lock the door?"

"Which door?" says James.

"The cellar door," says she.

"No," says James.

"Well, you had better go down and lock it, for I heard some one in the back yard last night."

Accordingly James paddles down the stairs and locks the door. About the time James returns and is going to bed she remarks:

"Did you shut the stair door?"

"No," says James.

"Well, if it is not shut the cat will get up into the chamber."

"Let her come up, then," says James, ill-naturedly.

"My goodness, no!" returns his wife, "she'd suck the baby's breath."

Then James paddles down stairs again and steps on a tack, and closes the stair door and curses the cat, and returns to the bedroom. Just as he begins to climb into his couch his wife observes: "I forgot to bring up some water; suppose you bring up some in the big tin."

And so James, with a muttered curse, goes down into the dark kitchen and falls over a chair, and rasps all the tinware off the wall in search of the "big" tin, and then jerks the stair door open and howls: "Where the deuce are the matches?"

She gives him a minute direction

where to find the matches, and adds she would rather go and get the water herself than have the whole neighborhood raised about it. After which James finds the matches, procures the water and comes up stairs and plunges in bed.

Presently his wife says: "James, let's have an understanding about money matters. Now, next week I've got to pay——"

"I don't know what you'll have to pay, and don't care!" shouts James, as he lurches around and jams his face against the wall, "all I want is sleep."

"That's all very well for you!" snaps his wife, as she pulls the covers viciously; you never think of the worry and trouble I have. And there is Aramida, who, I believe, is taking the measles."

"Let her take 'em," says James.

Hereupon she begins to cry softly, but about the time James is falling into a gentle doze she punches him in the ribs with her elbow and says: "Did you hear the scandal about Mrs. Jones?"

"Where?" says James, sleepily.

"Why, Mrs. Jones."

"Where?" inquires James.

"I declare," said his wife, "you are getting more stupid every day. You know Mrs. Jones that lives at No. 21? Well, day before yesterday Susan Smith told Mrs. Thompson that Sam Barker had said that Mrs. Jones had——"

Here she paused and listened. James is snoring in profound slumber. With a snort of rage she pulls all the covers off him, and wraps up in them, and lays awake until 2 o'clock, thinking how badly used she is. And that is the way the married woman goes to sleep.

—Cincinnati Inquirer.

A Sacrificial Stone Near St. Paul.

The ancient altar about to be described has not been hitherto mentioned in any published account, so far as I know, although it can hardly have altogether escaped notice in the local papers. Yet it gives its name, "Red Rock," to one of the landing places where the Mississippi steamboats have touched ever since they began to run on the upper portion of that longest of rivers. Formerly there was a flourishing mission here, sustained by the Methodists; and with that fact in mind I made inquiry for the veteran who had it in charge, Rev. Chauncey Hobart, from whom the facts now given were principally obtained.

This pioneer came on the field before the settlement of either St. Paul or Minneapolis, and retains a vivid recollection of many interesting events, which it is to be hoped he may yet publish in some permanent form before his useful career is ended. According to him, it was the custom among the Sioux to worship the boulders that lie scattered among the hills and valleys and here and there on the prairies of this region. When a Dakota was in perplexity or distress, and desired deliverance from some impending danger, it was his custom to clear a spot from grass and brush, roll a boulder upon it, streak it with red paint, deck it with feathers and flowers, and then pray to it for needed help.

Usually, when a stone has thus served its purpose, it was no longer regarded as a sacred object, but might be disposed of in any way that suited the savage whim. But the peculiarity of the sacrificial stone now described is that from generation to generation it was a shrine to which pilgrimages were made and where offerings were laid.

Its Indian name was "Eyah Shah," which simply means Red Rock, and is the same term by which they designate catlinite, or the red pipe clay. The stone itself is not naturally red, as I found on examination, being merely an extremely hard specimen of hornblende biotite-granite, quite symmetrical in shape, about five feet long and three feet in its greatest width.

The Indians also called it "Waukan," or a mystery, and had strange speculations as to its origin. It lies on a weathered ledge of limestone, and evidently has not been moved since left there by the ancient forces that brought it as a trophy from some granite range. But the Dakotas looked no farther than to an adjacent hill, about two miles distant, down whose sides, as they said, they could trace the path along which, self-impelled, it had rolled to the river bank. The particular clan of the Dakotas that claimed this rude altar was known as the Mendewacantons, although, being but two miles below the village of the Ka-

posia band, it was to some extent resorted to by them likewise.

The hunting ground of the clan was up the St. Croix River, and invariably before starting on an expedition they would visit Eyah Shah and leave an offering of gayly painted feathers, or a duck, or goose, or a slice of venison, and after a few simple ceremonies they would go on their way. But twice a year the clan would meet more formally, in order to paint the stones which they did with vermilion, or, as some say, occasionally with the blood of their enemies, which had been saved up for that purpose. When the painting was done, they would trim the boulder with flowers and feathers and other ornaments, and dance around it before sunrise, with chants and prayers for success from the spirit of the mysterious rock.

The last occasion on which they were known to have thus visited Eyah Shah was in 1862, prior to the terrible massacre that occurred in August of that year, and which is a matter of history. Since that date, however the stripes of red paint have been renewed, the last coat having been applied as recently as three years ago—although my suspicions are that the work was done by white men desirous of perpetuating the interesting features of this ancient object of worship. Others with a different spirit have drilled a hole in one side, for the purpose of putting in a blast, by which it should be destroyed. I counted the painted stripes encircling the rugged rock, and found them twelve in number; each being about two inches wide, and the spaces between being from two to six inches wide. By the compass Eyah Shah lies exactly north and south. It is located just twelve paces from the present river bank. The north end is ornamented by a design representing the sun, and a rudely drawn face surrounded by fifteen rays. While mentioning these latter particulars, I do not attach much importance to them, because there is no proof that these existing markings were made by the Indians. Eyah Shah is about six miles below St. Paul, and easily reached by boat or by rail.

—H. C. Hovey in Scientific American.

A Royal Printer.

It is not generally known that Prince Ludwig, of Battenberg, son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, is a practical printer. Like most of the Princes of the Prussian royal house, who have been taught either an art or a trade, Prince Ludwig of Battenberg was early called upon to choose a calling, and his choice fell upon the art of Guttenberg.

In the palace of his father the Prince has a printing office completely fitted up for ordinary printing and book work. Prince Ludwig prides himself on his ability to compete with compositors and printers who follow typography for a livelihood. What is still more interesting, is that the Princess, the eldest daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse, is a printer, too, and that the high-born pair work regularly together at the case. The latest work which has come from Prince Ludwig of Battenberg's press is a volume of notes on travels written by the Prince's sister, the Countess of Erbach-Schonberg. The book is said to be executed in a thoroughly printer-like way.—Pall Mall Gazette.

"Can a woman keep a secret?" Yes, if she locks it in her trunk and loses the key.

When a tin can is seen going down the street in company with a wide awake dog it could be said to be "working the growler," sure enough.

A new book is entitled "Hints to Poets," but the trouble is, poets won't take hints. It requires kicks to make any impression on them.

The usual stories about poisoned ice cream are being circulated. There are people who make pigs of themselves at a picnic and they usually blame the poor little plate of cream.

A New York firm has published a book entitled "The Magic of a Voice." If you wish to appreciate the magic of a voice invite a thirsty crowd into a drug-store to look at the porous plaster.

"Do you think I could mould public opinion?" asked an inspiring young politician of a veteran in the profession. "Perhaps you might," said the other; "some of the stories you introduced in your speech seemed a little mouldy."

Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, August 12, 1886.

WHERE are the big men to come from to take the vacant places?

THE gentleman "who is in the hands of his friends" is heard from every day nowadays.

COOPER proposes to reach out his protecting arms and save the tariff once more. Wonderful how much defence, support, care, and nursing, some popular theories require!

C. T. KRATZ, Esq., of Lower Providence, aspires to a seat in the Pennsylvania Legislature. He is a capable gentleman, and the Republican party of this county, if it recognizes ability and general fitness, will see that he gets there.

EDITOR ROBERTS has thus far failed to announce his Congressional candidacy. Perhaps he is waiting for Darlington to step down and out of the race. When Bro. Roberts gets to Congress there will be "music in the air"—and perhaps a prohibition postmaster at Royersford.

CONGRESS adjourned last Thursday. The session was not productive of much good legislation and not much bad. Its appropriations were within bounds. That it failed to take favorable action in reference to the erection of necessary seaboard defences is generally regretted. Let us hope for better things during the next session of Congress.

THE anthracite coal trade is reported in better condition. Prices are somewhat steadier, the sales agents have agreed to hold to the list rates and the supply on hand at the more important shipping places is not so large as to exclude hope of increase through the month. As compared with the tonnage for 1885 that of this year show an increase of over 1,400,000 tons, the tonnage for the week being over 15,000 tons, in excess of that for the same week of 1885. Bituminous, too, is active, and no manufacturing need suspend for want of good fuel.

A RECENT phase of the Virginia debt question appears to be an attempt on the part of some of its honestly inclined citizens to repudiate repudiation and seek an appropriation from Congress for the payment of the principal and interest. Whilst this is certainly better than the dishonorable methods of a Mahone, it is not at all probable that Congress will establish a precedent fraught with so much danger. Let Virginia go to work with a will and pay its honest debts. It ought to possess too much pride to turn beggar and too much honesty to repudiate what it owes.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN, one of the great statesmen of modern times, died at his residence, Greystone Park, N. Y., Wednesday, last week. His death was sudden and unexpected, and was caused by a disease of the stomach. Tilden's life was one of activity and usefulness. His consummate skill as a leader of the Democratic party, and his statesmanlike utterances and acts within the past twenty years won for him an imperishable name. His death does not leave a single ex-Democratic candidate for the Presidency among the living, and but one of all the Presidents since the organization of the Republican party, thirty years ago, Rutherford B. Hayes, is now alive, and he will die less lamented than any one of the Chief Magistrates of the Republic. Why? Because he held a position that rightfully and justly belonged to the one whose memory is now mourned by millions of people.

IN REFERENCE TO THE CONGRESSIONAL CONTEST.

In all probability the gentleman who will succeed the Hon. I. N. Evans in the halls of Congress, as representative from the Seventh district, will be properly labeled by the convention to be held at North Wales next Monday.

It is therefore a matter of considerable moment that the convention shall name a candidate who possesses the necessary capacity to fitly represent a district that claims to be, and is the peer of any district in the State—in agricultural, industrial, and intellectual importance.

The present candidates—Shoemaker, Yardley, and Cadwallader—are not intellectual giants. It is claimed that Yardley is a shrewd lawyer. Perhaps he is. There are quite a number of shrewd lawyers in every Congress; perhaps too many of them. A great many people are led to infer that Congress was instituted for the benefit of

lawyers, and that lawyers are manufactured for Congress, and that the supply never falls short of the demand. The importance of lawyers, real and assumed, is in danger of being underestimated.

Cadwallader, we believe, is a gentleman of leisure, who wears a two-story white hat during hot weather. It is not recorded, so far as our information reaches, that he ever distinguished himself in a signal manner in behalf of a suffering public, or that he ever rose in the power of his might to sway the sceptre in furthering any cause of public import. He has money, and friends, and wants to go to Congress. Most anybody, with money and friends, might entertain similar aspirations.

Shoemaker wants to go to Congress, too. His congressional fever pulse is galloping about as fast as the pulse of either Yardley or Cadwallader. They may all die within a year if they don't get what they want. If the Norristown Times had the power and authority it would dispatch, in the magnanimous generosity of its generous heart, the trio to Washington at the proper time and allow them to divide the honors equally among the "eminent" gentlemen.

The liberal spirit manifested by the Times, in reviewing the candidates, furnishes ground for the belief that it will cry bitterly if Yardley is not nominated, that it will shed scalding tears if Shoemaker isn't nominated, and that it will kick itself down or up a back street in disgust if Cadwallader isn't nominated. The convention should consider the feelings of the Times in this matter and nominate all the candidates. If the convention will not agree to do this, we hope it will nominate Shoemaker. To our mind, and to the minds of a large majority of the people hereabouts, Shoemaker possesses more and better qualifications than either of the other candidates. He is not a "shrewd" lawyer, and not a special pet of the great—would-be and otherwise—lawyers, but he is a sound, energetic business man of much general information. He is an active-brained individual, a man who will labor, if he gets the opportunity, early and late to serve his constituents. His record at Harrisburg furnishes ample evidence of his ability to sustain any position he may be called upon to assume by "the folks at home,"—if he gets there.

Shoemaker is a common man of the common people, and is blessed with a very good stock of common sense. Every farmer and business man, particularly of the Republican faith, in every district within the Seventh Congressional District, should do his part in securing Shoemaker's nomination.

The proposition that Montgomery shall support the choice of Bucks county is ridiculously ridiculous. If Montgomery is willing to enter into any such absurd scheme, the delegates of Montgomery might as well remain at home, save their car-fare and perspiration, let Bucks county attend to the whole matter, and send their amen by telegraph.

Adjournment and Results.

From the New York Sun, Friday.

The first session of the Forty-ninth Congress came to an end yesterday, to the relief of those honorable gentlemen who feel that there is no place like home when an election in the districts is pending, and likewise to the relief of Mr. Cleveland and Mrs. Cleveland, who want to go to the Adirondacks to see the moon. Outside of the regular appropriation bills, only two conspicuous measures have become laws. One is the act of doubtful constitutionality which, in case of the death of both the President and Vice-President, throws the succession into the Cabinet, placing the supreme executive power in the hands of an officer appointed by the President and neither directly nor indirectly chosen by the people. The other is the still more questionable act which, in the guise of an internal revenue tax law, seeks to protect one great American industry against domestic competition, and to protect the consumers of butter against the alleged nuisance known as oleomargarine. Congress has avoided any profitless discussion of the tariff, and the country has escaped another series of lyceum lectures on theoretical political economy. That is a great deal. The Democratic House has blocked certain measures of preposterous prodigality which originated, for the most part, in the fertile brain of Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, and which the Republican Senate promptly passed. These bills involved an expenditure not merely of millions, but of hundreds of millions, and they threatened to bankrupt the treasury itself. In this respect great credit is due to the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives. We heartily wish we could say the same thing in regard to the annual appropriations. The House leaders, like Randall and Holman, have contended successfully in many instances against the reckless extravagance of the Senate. The fact remains, however, that the total of appropriations is monstrously, outrageously, almost unprecedently large. Not one dollar has been voted for sea-coast defenses, and only a meagre provision has been made for the construction of a new navy. Yet the aggregate of appropriations voted at the first session of the Forty-ninth Congress is \$265,000,000—the largest total, with a single exception, in any year of peace since the Government began to exist. The exception is a memorable one. It

was in 1882, when the Republicans had a majority in the House under the leadership of Secor Robeson; and in less than three months after adjournment that spendthrift majority, with its infamous leader, was voted out of power by the people at the polls. We trust that will not be the fate of the present Democratic majority. We believe the people are willing to give them a fair warning and one more trial.

Teaching for Hands as well as for Heads.

During the last thirty days all the colleges, high schools, and other advanced institutions of learning have held their commencements, and thrust their graduates out upon the world. The number of these young persons probably reaches tens of thousands, and of them all, perhaps not two per cent. have learned how to do anything. The education has been of the head alone, and not at all of the hand. They have been taught to know a great many things of greater or less importance, but of the practical work of the world, by means of which men and women earn their bread and butter, they are absolutely ignorant. Much of what the schools impart is certainly useful, and the least important of it may have some value; but it is fairly a subject of complaint against the system of education in use in this country that it is too completely theoretical. The injurious consequences of this fault appear in several forms. As the country grows industrially, the demand for skilled workmen increases. In the presence of this demand we have, first, the fact that the old and excellent apprentice system has fallen completely into disuse, and, second, the further fact that the modern trades unions are hostile to apprenticeship in any comprehensive form, new or old. It is not the least of the counts against the unions that they stand resolutely in the way of young Americans who wish to acquire knowledge of any craft. As a consequence we import from Europe every year thousands of skilled workmen, while our own people are driven into poorly paid clerkships or persuaded to attempt success in the overcrowded professions. It is extremely discreditable to the practical common sense of the American people that they should permit this state of things so long to continue. It is a reflection on the good judgment of the nation that it should expend millions every year upon instruction which only half fits the young for the actual duties of life. Another and very serious consequence of this neglect of mechanical training is that it fosters the impression, already too widely prevalent, that mechanical labor should involve social and other discredit. Not only is this theory undemocratic, and in a political sense dangerous, but it is directly opposed to the best material interests of individuals and of the whole community. In a republican and industrial country like ours, it ought to be that the most expert handicraftsman is the man most honored. This is not a land for loafers. It is, in an exceptional and unique sense, the country of workers; and there can be no duty more truly patriotic than to instill into the minds of American young men that a man who works at a mechanical trade with a strong arm and a hard fist, and works dextrously, should have more respect than a lawyer who can hardly shuffle along in his profession or a doctor who feeds graveyards. That lesson, as our readers well know, has yet to be learned here. The prejudice against the horny-handed toilers exists; but it ought not to exist, and when the schools and colleges do their duty, it will cease to exist. We would put into every public school a course of mechanical instruction. Both principles and practice should be taught, so that when a boy leaves school he will have his head and his hand already trained for some form of work in the shop or in the factory. The colleges might well take up the course of instruction which the humbler schools end it, and push pupils onward to the higher things of the art. But he is a sanguine man who expects the old collegiate institutions to lessen their affection for dead languages and pure theory. The hope of advanced industrial education, therefore, lies in the creation of technical schools, of which there are now but two or three of high quality in the country. There is encouragement in the rapid growth, plainly discernible, of public opinion favoring such schools and such training for the young. This is the greatest manufacturing nation in the world, and as it becomes independent of other countries for its supplies of fabrics, so it should become dependent solely upon its own population for its skilled workers.—The Textile Record.

A Celebrated Attack of Bees.

From the St. James' Gazette.

Death from bee stings is an unusual incident. At Ludlow, however, on Tuesday, Mr. John Adney, formerly Mayor of that place, was stung so severely by a swarm of bees in his garden that he died almost immediately.

Perhaps the most formidable attack by bees on record, and one which attracted considerable attention at the time, occurred in Prussia on the same day of the month seventy-five years ago—namely, on the 20th of July, 1820. M. Eulert, a merchant, was traveling in a carriage with his wife from Wittenburg to Berlin, when, on the high road between Kropstadt and Schmogelsdorf, a huge swarm of bees suddenly covered the carriage, horses, travellers, and coachman. In a few moments the horses, overpowered by stings lay down on the ground. The coachman while endeavoring to aid the horses lost his hat, his head became covered with a matted mass of bees, hair, and blood, and he fell down insensible. M. Eulert, whose mouth was filled with bees, rushed off for assistance. On returning to the spot with a woodsman whom he met and some laborers, M. Eulert was found lying face downward on the ground, happily not much injured. The coachman was still insensible, and for forty-eight hours his case was precarious. The bees being at last driven away by burning hay and straw, the suffering horses were examined and were discovered in a frightful condition. One died the same day from the effects of the stings it had received; and the other was taken to Schmogelsdorf and placed under the care of a veterinary surgeon, but succumbed to its injuries on the following day. There were at the time no fewer than 2,000 hives of bees in the commune of Schmogelsdorf where not only regret but also no slight anxiety was caused by M. Eulert's adventure.

Crop Prospects.

THE GROWING CORN AND WINTER WHEAT IN THE WEST AND NORTHWEST.

Chicago, August 8.—The following crop summary will appear in this week's issue of the Farmers' Review: Rains have improved the prospects for corn in portions of Minnesota, Iowa and Illinois, Ohio and Kansas, while in Indiana the reports indicate a full average yield. Very large sections in all the remaining corn growing States have as yet had no relief from the drought, and reports indicate a failure of the crop in wide areas. The reports from Putnam county, in Illinois, state that much of the corn is fired in the ear, and some to the tassels. The entire crop threatens to be a failure. In Schuyler county, Illinois, entire fields are reported destroyed. In Paevel, Edwards, Iroquois, Union, Platt, De Kalb and Pulaski counties, in Illinois, thousands of acres are reported ruined, and the outlook even with rain does not indicate more than one-half a crop. In Montgomery and Edgar counties timely rains have improved the prospect of a good yield. In Jasper, Fayette, Clay, Muscatine, Hardin and Tama counties, in Iowa, the outlook is regarded as very poor, with a prospect of not to exceed one-third to one-half an average yield. In Sac, Woodbury and Webster counties, in Iowa, there is still the promise of a full average crop. In Ohio the general outlook for corn has been improved by rains, with an outlook of eighty-five per cent. of an average crop. In Atchison, Labette and Allen counties, in Kansas, there is a prospect of one-half an average yield of corn. In Chautauqua and Graham counties the yield is placed as three-fourths of an average. In Minnesota corn has attained an average of six to eight feet and the present outlook is for nearly a full average crop. In Olmstead and Blue Earth counties the outlook is very good. Throughout Missouri the prospect is not good for more than one-half to three-fourths of an average crop. The reports from Wisconsin do not give promise to exceed one-half an average yield. In Nebraska the prospect continues good for nearly a full average yield. The quality of the winter wheat is generally reported as above the average. The berry is plump and hard, giving a promise that the grain will grade unusually well. This is the tenor of reports from Kansas, Missouri, Illinois and Indiana. The yield of spring wheat in Iowa ranges from twelve to twenty-two bushels to the acre, only one county—Muscatine—reporting the latter figures. In Minnesota the yield is reported at from ten to fifteen bushels. In Nebraska the yield ranges from six to fifteen bushels. The complaints are general from Iowa, Missouri, Indiana, Wisconsin and Illinois that pastures are drying up and failing.

Shaving at Fifty Miles an Hour.

"Practice is everything," said the Pullman conductor, who stood in the stateroom engaged in a performance which so many men find difficult even under the most favorable conditions. "years ago I began trying to shave myself on the cars. At first I didn't dare try it when the train was running, but, gaining confidence with experience, I soon got so the motion of the car made no difference whatever. Now I can shave myself just as well at fifty miles an hour as standing still. Dangerous? Not at all, except that it would be rather awkward to have an accident occur, a collision, or a derailment when you had a razor at your throat. But accidents are awkward any way, razor or no razor. Why, I know an engineer who regularly shaves himself on his engine. He is a young and handsome fellow—one who likes to look nice all the while—and when he gets out in the country where there is a clear track he lets go the throttle and takes up his razor.

Flirting in Congress.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A certain set of girls, a bad lot I fear, "work" the galleries regularly. They flirt with Congressmen during

the debates, and are desperately on the mash generally. One woman has been playing a smart game. She is handsome and dresses with good taste. She has lovely eyes and a wistful expression when she turns them on you, as if—well, as if she hadn't had much breakfast, and didn't know where she is going to get her dinner. Her specialty is Congressmen. She gets acquainted very easily, and, between sighs and glances pulls a subscription book on her victim. She is a book agent. How many unwary persons have fallen into her net it would be hard to say; but she catches a good many, I know, because I've watched her method with a good deal of interest. She is reducing this thing of book selling to a heart-burning science. I notice a pair of school girls over across the way on the Democratic side. They have a high old time there two or three times a week. They wear their hair down their backs, and invariably carry books and music. They look at this distance as if they might be 14 or 15. Bless your innocence, these girls are 20 to 25. This school girl racket is to catch parties on the floor of the House. The number of victims to their wiles is absolutely astonishing. There are plenty of old fools down there. Why some people come into the galleries every day to see and hear them beats me.

Interesting Paragraphs.

A husband reading, while his wife near him sat embroidering a pair of slippers, remarked: "What surprises there are in statistics. A German physician affirms and proves by figures that half of the female sex are touched with insanity." "He is right," replied the wife dryly, "for more than half the women prove it by getting married."

Mrs. James K. Polk has written a letter to General C. H. Grosvenor in the interest of securing the G. A. R. National Encampment at Nashville in 1887, in the course of which she says: "Before I die I would that mine eyes could see the grand reunion of my beloved country in the city where my dear husband lies—see the veterans of the North encamping in amity where they once did in anger and those who wore the gray shaking hands with their fellow countrymen in the fellowship of a common destiny."

At Valcartier, Canada, on Friday, a blazing meteor, probably ten feet in circumference, descended from the sky. After touching the earth it assumed a strange appearance, creating terror in the minds of the country people, many of them conjuring up the worst fears, and looking forward to the speedy dissolution of the universe. Just previous to this occurrence the sky lowered and the beasts of the field sent up distressing cries, bringing credulous persons readily to their knees in a supplicating posture. Within the last few days the lightning has been very severe, and earthquake shocks have been frequent.

A method of sending a picture by telegraph has been invented by a Scotchman, W. Gemmill, by which a photograph taken at one end of a wire is transmitted and reproduced at the other. The picture is primarily projected on a selenium cell placed in the telegraph circuit, which, according to the degree of intensity of the light received, acts upon the current, and through it a number of subsidiary currents connected with an incandescent lamp, illuminating it with varied degrees of intensity consonant with the strength of the current. "These successive illuminations," according to the Photographic Times, "would give images of corresponding brightness to the points in the picture thrown upon the selenium cell, and the final picture, of course, would consist of a series of these points in various depths of shade."

The amount of matter in solution annually poured into the Gulf of Mexico by the Mississippi is estimated at 150,000,000 tons, at which rate one foot of land over the whole basin would be removed in 4,000 years. Similar calculations applied to the St. Lawrence, La Plata and the Amazon reach the result that 100 tons per square mile are removed from the American continent every year. Again, it is calculated that not less than one cubic mile of earth is deposited every year in the Atlantic from America, Africa, Europe and Asia.

Philadelphia Produce Market.

FLOUR.	
Pennsylvania Extra Family	3 87½ @ 4 00
Rye Flour	3 30 @ 3 50

GRAIN.	
Red Wheat	85 @ 88
Corn	49½ @ 51¾
Oats	35½ @ 36½
Rye	56

PROVISIONS.	
Mess Pork	11 75 @ 12 00
Mess Beef	8 00 @ 10 00
Dried Beef	15 00 @ 16 00
Beef Hams	22 00 @ 23 50
Hams	13 @ 14½
Sides	8½ @ 9
Shoulders	6½ @ 7¼
Pickled Shoulders	8¼ @ 7
Lard	9½ @ 7¼

Philadelphia Hay Market.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 6, 1886.

During the week ending with the above date there were received at the Farmers' Hay and Straw Market 70 loads of hay and 25 of straw, which were sold at the following prices:

Prime Timothy Hay per 100 pounds	80¢ @ 90
Mixed	70¢ @ 80
Straw	70¢ @ 80

New hay 15 cents below above prices.

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

The receipts were beefs, 2,600; sheep, 12,000 hogs 5,000.

Beef Cattle were demoralized at 3½¢ to 5¢. Sheep were in full supply at 25¢. Hogs were in firm request at 7¢ to 7½¢. Lambs were lower at 3½¢ to 4¢.

SAM JONES SERMONS

In the Principal Cities, with history of His Life; and Sermons by Sam. Jones, his Co-laborer.

Only Illustrated Edition.

Most remarkable and intensely interesting and amusing engravings ever seen in a book.

ONLY FULL AND AUTHENTIC EDITION.

The first complete reports ever printed. Great book sensation of the day. Tremendous demand. No book ever before like it. AGENTS WANTED. Popular low-down prices. Write for terms; or to secure agency quick, send 75 cts. in stamps for full outfit. STANDARD BOOK CO., 612 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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DOWN! --- DOWN! ---
--- ROCK BOTTOM PRICES ---
MY ENTIRE STOCK, CONSISTING OF
DRY GOODS, Groceries,
Wood ware, Willow ware.
Boots and Shoes, Paints & Oils, &c., &c., &c.

I would call particular attention to my fine stock of CASSIMERES & SUITINGS, for all sizes and ages, rich as well as poor. I can suit you. Will make suits at all prices, or any style and any price reasonable, and guarantee satisfaction. My stock of Shoes is large, and I can show you a good line of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Shoes.
All I ask of my patrons is to call and examine my Stock, and oblige.

JOSEPH G. GOTWALS,
PROVIDENCE SQUARE STORE.

COLLEGEVILLE DRUG STORE.

CULBERT'S DIARRHŒA MIXTURE
Will cure Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus &c., &c.

CULBERT'S CREAM OF CAMPHOR
Will relieve Sunburn, Freckles, Tan, and banish mosquitoes, &c.

We Sell YEAST CAKES for baking, that will keep until used.

PURE DRUGS AND SPICES A SPECIALTY.

Joseph W. Culbert, Druggist.

BALL'S
CORSETS
This is one of the very best Corsets in the market and can be returned after three weeks wearing, if not found perfectly satisfactory.

SALES, CHINKLES, SILVER GRAY PRINTS & JAPANESE SILK STYLES
WHICH HAVE BECOME SO POPULAR.
—A FULL LINE OF—
C. J. & J. M. BUCKLEY
TRAPE, PA.

FIFTEEN BASQUE AND SKIRT MAKERS
-Wanted Immediately at-
HOWARD LEOPOLD'S.

Owing to the unprecedented increase in orders for suits both in our town and vicinity, as well as from hundreds of consumers scattered over the U. S., we need more good hands at once. The eighty-seven now at work not being able to keep up with the demand for our suits, having continually about two hundred orders on hand to be made up.

The following letters and extracts, of which we might publish a thousand, every one written without our solicitation, indicate why our work is so rapidly increasing. We give you a few, of course omitting the names of the writers.

Mr. H. LEOPOLD: My dress came last week and I am delighted with it. It is perfectly comfortable, and is made just the way I wished it to be, but I thought I wouldn't say anything, and trust to your judgement. I am very much pleased with my coat also. Yours, truly,

Mr. HOWARD LEOPOLD: I wanted to write to you immediately on receipt of my dresses, to express my unbounded satisfaction, pleasure and admiration. I am perfectly satisfied with them in every respect, and perhaps it may be pleasant and gratifying to you to know that every one who sees them is as much delighted as I am. I shall not be surprised if you receive orders and new customers growing out of the very enthusiasm and admiration my dresses have inspired. Your address has been asked for by a number of friends already, and I am pleased to give it, and to expose at the same time my recommendation in highest terms. Yours, very truly

WASHINGTON, D. C.
HOWARD LEOPOLD, Esq., Dear Sir: I received your letter, you certainly have no expense in quality of material or work. The suit is beautifully finished and a credit to your establishment. Yours, truly,

GLEN COVE, L. I.
Mr. H. LEOPOLD: My dress and coat arrived safely and I am much pleased with them. Yours, truly,

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Mr. H. LEOPOLD: The dress is very pretty and satisfactory. Respectfully,

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.
Mr. HOWARD LEOPOLD: My dress arrived safely and I find it very satisfactory.

250,000
CELERY PLANTS.

I have a fine stock of CELERY PLANTS of the following kinds at 40c. per hundred, \$3.00 per 1000. LARGE WHITE SOLID and DWARF GOLDEN HEART.

The following varieties are self blanching and only need hilling up once to keep the stalk upright. 40c. per 100, \$5 per thousand. New Golden Self Blanching and Henderson's White plume. Try them.

SLUG SHOT is still ahead for killing cabbage worms, potato and cucumber bugs, &c., 5 lb. package for 30c. 50 lbs. at 5c. per lb.

Fresh Turnip, Ruta Baga and Radish Seeds in large and small quantities.

Having still a few hundred choice Geraniums, Coleus, Roses, Begonias, Double Fringed Petunias, &c., I will sell them at a sacrifice to clean the houses, so that new and important changes can be made. Come early and secure these very decided bargains.

All orders by mail and those left with the Collegeville Bakers will receive prompt attention and be delivered at their routes free of charge.

Respectfully yours,
HORACE RIMBY,
Seedsmen and Florist,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Providence Independent.

Thursday, August 12, 1886.

TERMS:—\$1.25 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

This paper has a larger circulation in this section of the county than any other paper published. As an advertising medium the "Independent" ranks among the most desirable papers, having a large and steadily increasing circulation in various localities throughout the county.

It is the aim of the editor and publisher to make the "Independent" one of the best local and general newspapers in the county, or anywhere else, and to this end we invite correspondence from every section.

PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

We publish the following schedule gratuitously for the convenience of our readers. Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.	
Milk.....	6.47 a. m.
Accommodation.....	8.07 a. m.
Market.....	1.20 p. m.
Accommodation.....	4.34 p. m.
FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.	
Mail.....	7.17 a. m.
Accommodation.....	9.14 a. m.
Market.....	3.13 p. m.
Accommodation.....	6.46 p. m.
SUNDAYS—SOUTH.	
Milk.....	6.50 a. m.
Accommodation.....	8.49 p. m.
NORTH.	
Accommodation.....	10.3 a. m.
Milk.....	5.41 p. m.

All communications, business or otherwise, transmitted to us through the mails, to receive immediate attention, must be directed to Collegeville, P. O., hereafter.

Home Flashes and Stray Sparks From Abroad.

The cool breezes gently sway the green leaves of the old willow—the dear old willow.

The number of visiting belles is out of all proportion to the number of visiting beaux. But the belles are happy all the same.

The henry on the post office premises might loan a spare window sash to the old depot.

Our summer boarding houses are crowded and the managers of the same wear smiles a yard long—or less.

The next time the operator visits the billiard room he will take his body guard along. Then beware.

What is the difference between a cider press and a man in love? The one presses apples. What does the other do?

The best cider and ice cold beer at Walker's restaurant, hard by the old depot.

The grocers went to Nantasket recently, and it is said as soon as they struck the sand they shouted "Oh sugar!"

Rev. Henry Landes will preach in Gross' hall Sunday evening. Go hear what he has to say.

The Lower Providence Baptist Sunday School will hold their annual picnic on Thursday, August 19, at Zieber's park.

Harvest services in Augustus Lutheran church, Trappe, next Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Sermon by the pastor, Rev. O. P. Smith.

David Reiner, of Cross Keys, Lower Providence, recently sold four acres of his land to Abram K. Harley, a neighbor, for \$200 per acre.

Henry Seibert, editor of the Reading Advertiser was in town last Friday, and paid this office a visit.

Read A. C. Landes' advertisement in another column. He is selling good fertilizers.

The Roberts Machine Co., are exceedingly busy. Their threshers and separators are very popular, and the firm find it hard to supply the rapidly increasing demand. Their entire stock of machines is already disposed of and they have orders enough ahead for months to come. This speaks well for our home enterprise.

An interesting tub race that attracted the attention of a host of summer boarders and others, took place on the Perkiomen, near Paist's mill, Friday evening. Clayton Hunsicker, of Philadelphia, won the cup. Andrew Warren, of New York, was a good second. The affair was gotten up by the guests of Prospect Trappe.

Capt. H. H. Fetterolf has determined not to be a candidate for delegate to the North Wales Convention. The race now will be between J. M. Zimmerman and Amer Johnson. While the balloting is in progress music by Gross' orchestra would lend additional interest to the occasion. The delegate meeting will be held at Gross' hotel Saturday evening.

N. O. Nalle, the well-known stock dealer of Mingo, has been handling steers lately instead of fresh cows. Those who are in the habit of buying their cows of him have entered a protest, and Nelson has been forced to come to time. He will sell a lot of fresh cows at public sale in a few days.

Silas Kingkinner, of Norristown, candidate for corner in the household of republicanism, was in town Saturday. He stopped a few moments at this office. We were rather favorably impressed with the gentleman, and inclined to the opinion that he is about as good a man as the Republican party can nominate for that office.

H. M. Brownback, Esq., of Norristown, prominent Republican candidate for District Attorney, passed through town yesterday. No doubt Harry was out attending to business of a political nature. It is said that his chances for the nomination are very good.

The Evansburg Episcopal Sunday school will hold their celebration in the grove of the church, on Saturday, August 21. The Eagleville band will be in attendance, and a short address will be delivered in the church at 11 o'clock, by the rector, Rev. A. Geo. Baker.

In the matter of shoeing horses W. B. Logan, the well-known blacksmith of Yerkes Station, takes the lead. He knows exactly how to place a shoe on the hoof of a horse in the neatest and best possible manner.

E. Paist, proprietor of the Collegeville Roller Mills, places a new advertisement in another column. He proposes to boom the flour, feed, and grain business for all there is in it, and he knows how to do it.

The Mennonite Sunday school, near Yerkes Station, was visited Sunday afternoon by Rev. H. T. Spangler and Prof. Reichenbach. Rev. Spangler made an interesting address. The school is in a prosperous condition. James G. Detwiler is superintendent.

John B. Tyson of Skippack, while on his way to Collegeville the other day lost from his wagon a pair of morocco shoes. The finder will be suitably rewarded by taking the same to Jacob H. Tyson, shoemaker, or to Perkiomen Bridge Hotel.

P. O. S. of A. State Convention.

The State Convention of the Patriotic Order of Sons of America met at Altoona, Monday, August 9th, to continue in session three days. Camp No. 267, this place, was represented by F. G. Hobson, Esq.

A Thief in a Sunday School.

On a recent Sunday a farm hand in the employ of John Reppert, Eagleville, stole a wallet and \$20, the property of his employer. Soon after he attended Sunday school. At the close of the session he was arrested and compelled to face Magistrate Fegley, to whom he confessed his theft. The money was returned to Mr. Reppert and the thief discharged from custody.

Reformed Church, Trappe.

Harvest Home services next Sunday morning. Sermon by the pastor. Sunday morning week, August 22d, Rev. J. B. Shoemaker, D. D., of Lancaster, Pa., will preach a trial sermon and an election for pastor will be held during the following week. It is expected that this effort to settle the pastorate of St. Luke's will be successful. S. S. picnic in Zimmerman's grove, Saturday, September 4th.

Fell Through a Roof.

An eight-year-old son of Benjamin S. Ziegler, hotel keeper at Centre Point had a very remarkable fall a few days ago. He had climbed a tree in front of the hotel and stepped on a dead branch which broke and let him down. He fell first on the roof of the porch striking it with such force as to break through the shingles, bounced off and fell on the stony ground, receiving dangerous bruises. No bones were broken.

Garwood's Celebration.

The Garwood Union Sunday School, this township, will hold its annual celebration in the almshouse grove on Saturday, September 11. The Citizens' Band of Phoenixville will furnish music for the occasion. If the weather is at all favorable, the attendance at the Garwood celebration will be very large and its attractions will magnetize numerous persons from a distance—down as far as Spring Mill and up as far as the hills of old Berks. The politicians and office holders of the Hub will come up in a four-in-hand mule conveyance.

Death.

Abram Reiner, of Ashbury, Warren county, N. J., formerly a resident of this section, died at his home, that place, on the 28th of July, aged about 80 years. The deceased was a brother to David Reiner, of near this place. His remains were interred in a cemetery at Ashbury, July 31st.

Amanda, wife of John B. Wismer, died of typhoid pneumonia, at her residence, near Schwenksville, Tuesday morning, aged about 35 years.

Royersford "Bulletin" Echoes.

Mr. Chas. T. Miller, of near Trappe, was appointed as watchman at the National Bank of this place, by the Board of Directors on Tuesday last. Mr. Miller is a cripple, having lost a leg by amputation some years ago.

Charles U. Bean, of Mingo Station, had a valuable cow to die on Tuesday last. The cattle were turned in on young clover, and from the eating of it caused the cow to bloat, which resulted in her death. Mr. Bean had an insurance of \$27 on the animal.

Knights of the Golden Eagle.

The semi-annual report of Grand Master of Records J. D. Barnes, for the six months' term ending June 30, 1886, has just been compiled, the last report from a Subordinate Castle having been received on August 4th. The report exhibits a marvellous growth. The aggregate number of initiations—missions by card, and reinstatements was 4323, an average of 45 per Case, an increase of 2805 compared with the previous six months, and increase of 216 in comparison with the year 1885. Number of members December 31, 1885, 8500; initiated during the past six months, 4739; admitted by card, 77; reinstated, 12; withdrawn by card, 68; suspended, 559; deceased, 27; expelled

5; resigned, 1. Membership June 30, 1886, 12668, an increase of 4163. The number of applicants rejected was 78.

Limerick Wrinkles.

The colored camp meeting in Wamshers' woods, Sunday, attracted hundreds of people, and the number of gay Lotharios with their best feminine friends leads me to anticipate that the matrimonial business will be very brisk later on. The religious services conducted by the colored brethren were at least interesting if not specially edifying.

An agent for Hunn's Patent Combined Wheel Adjusters is stopping at Schleicher's Limerick Centre Hotel. The utility of the invention represented by the gentleman cannot be questioned, and the manner in which he portrays the superior excellencies of the useful contrivance, stamps him at once as a full-fledged, stick-there salesman.

The races at the Limerick Centre track, last Friday, attracted quite a number of spectators, although the weather at the time was rather unfavorable. Tom S. in the 3 three minute class, won the \$100, trotting his mile in 3 minutes. Joe Lewis won in the 2.30 class. Mr. Schleicher, lessee of the track, whose management of the same is receiving the praise of his numerous friends, will announce a series of races in the early part of next month. Limerick will expect to hear from Upper Providence then. JAKE.

Correspondence.

A Few Notes Regarding County Names, &c.

In glancing over the postal guide of 1885, we become interested in the number of counties in our Union of the same name. The thought which prompted this was to find how many counties bore the name of Montgomery. I find there are 18 Montgomery counties. But the name of Washington far exceeds this. There are 31 counties bearing that name, or one for nearly every State in the Union. The others well up on the list are Franklin 24, Jefferson 23, Jackson 22, Madison 19, Monroe 18, Clays 18, Lincoln 18, Johnson 13, Polk 12, Adams 10, Grants 10, Hancock 10, Webster 8, Taylor 7, and 5 bear the name of our recently assassinated President Garfield. The total number of counties in the United States is 2,760 Pennsylvania 56 counties, and about 3,000 Post-offices. Rhode Island 5 counties, and 126 Post-offices. It is amusing to look over the list of names of postoffices, and to find the strange titles given to some. For instance Barnstable, Mass., and Deaf Smith, Texas. There are numerous other names just as odd as these, but we will not stop to mention them. I also find there are four Trappes scattered over the country, but whether they all derived their name from the cellerdoor racket, I am not prepared to say. 5 Limericks, and 4 Collegevilles are found. Every school-boy on being asked where do we look for Sun Rise, should promptly answer in W. Van.

In the same vicinity where the orb of day puts in her appearance, is found a postoffice by the name of Bachelors-Hall. I suppose a grand rush will be made for that locality by the fair Maidens of sweet sixteen, plus ten plus eight, when they see this. Texas, Wyoming, and Wisconsin take the belt for strange and wison names. Texas glories in postoffices bearing titles like these Cowboy, Crosscut, J. Bob, Nameless, Isleta and Jegua. Monkeytown is also a type of their choice of names. Wyoming sports an Atlantic City, and puzzles many postmasters by christening a town with the outrageous name of Meeteetee. Sundance is another one of their pretty little towns. Amid all this, Wisconsin steps boldly to the front, and defies even Russia or Maine to beat her in conferring nice little names on their people and towns. Kinnickimick is somewhere in the State, but as it is too much name, it was never marked on the maps. Oonoomowoc, Menekaunce, Trempealeau, Weyauwega, and Poniatowski, are samples of the brain and tongue it takes to live among these aristocratic Wisconsin people. (Cedarville, Aug. 9th.) C. F. K.

Spring Mountain.

Sometimes, very often in fact, people travel many miles from home in quest of pleasure, and with a view of feasting their eyes upon natural and artificial attractions, showing a disposition to pass by and pay little or no heed to places of equal or more interest nearer home. We had frequently heard of Spring Mountain. Last Friday we saw both the mountain and the spring as well as countless rocks—all sizes and shapes—and the genial proprietor, Mr. Geo. Hobbs, formerly of Prospect Terrace, this place, also his able assistants—wife, son and daughter, who are at present catering to the wants of lots of city folk. Friday was not an auspicious day for a family picnic, on account of the weather. But nevertheless we reached Spring Mountain's height and "viewed the landscape o'er." Down in the valley coursed the quiet waters of the historic Perkiomen, and along its banks lay beautiful Schwenksville with its pretty brick houses occupied by pretty men and prettier women, kings of finance, gods of poetry and of prose. As far to the south as the eye could reach the view was equally interesting. If we could have viewed the valley by the light of an unclouded sun, we might have been inspired to write poetry. Spring Mountain is beautifully located, its surroundings possess much natural beauty, and if we are not very much mistaken, it will become one of the most attractive summer resorts in Eastern Pennsylvania in the course of a few years. At present every room is engaged. The proprietor, Mr. Hobbs, proposes to make extensive improvements about the place before the opening of another season.

The Jenkintown Mystery.

BODY OF THE DEAD MAN FULLY IDENTIFIED.

The body of the man found in Heacock's dam at Jenkintown, this county, on Sunday morning a week, has been fully identified as that of Jacob Hoffman by three of his former acquaintances in Philadelphia. At one time Hoffman was hostler at the Tiger Hotel, Fourth and Vine streets. He left the house of Mrs. Theresa Abele, No. 714 North Third street, (where he frequently visited,) on Saturday morning, the day on which he met his death. When he left he had only two dollars in his possession, and informed one of the household that he would draw in four days. The prevailing idea among the family at the time was that he intended to draw some money from the Philadelphia Savings Fund, at Seventh and Walnut streets where he had deposited his cash. George Schroth, of Bucks county, saw Hoffman in the 5.05 train which left Nith and Green on the evening of July 31. Justice of the Peace Hunter is investigating the affair. On Wednesday he had the dam drained. It was seen that the bed of the dam was composed of mud and no estimate of the depth could be arrived at. The conclusion was reached that if any weapons had been thrown into the water by the assassins they had become too deeply imbedded to be found. An examination of the banks of the stream disclosed four well-defined footprints, which are supposed to have been made by the murderers while endeavoring to conceal the corpse in the water. J. Adams Schaubert, proprietor of the Doylestown Morgenstern, informed Justice Hunter that he had known Hoffman for a number of years. He learned from Hoffman that he was in receipt of remittances from parties in Germany, in all aggregating about \$1,030. Mr. Schaubert also was aware that the deceased left Germany about

fifteen years ago on account of a difficulty with his wife, who lives in Frankenberg, Kreis Alzey, Hesse Darmstadt. Hoffman was very reticent about this affair, and did not tell Mr. Schaubert whether or not he had been divorced from his wife.

Norristown Asylum.

At a meeting of the Norristown Asylum Trustees, held on Friday it was resolved that the new buildings be completed under the supervision of the Wilson Brothers, Architects, and a bill for wages in their favor to the amount of \$1186.27 was granted. What course Ginrich, the contractor will pursue, is not known. He has three months yet in which to complete the work. The book-keeper, Chester N. Farr, tendered his resignation; to take effect Oct. 1st, which was unanimously accepted. The treasurer reported a balance from June of \$9155.29, expenditures for July \$22, 155.39 receipts \$63,935.35 balance \$55, 934.94. Dr. Alice Bennett, physician in charge of the female department reported that 22 patients has been admitted during the month of July, and 17 discharged during the same time, nine of these having died, total number of female patients at close of July 747. The report says, the health is good. The physician in charge of the male department, Dr. Chase, reported the admission of 17 patients and the discharge of 19, six died during the month. Total number of male patients in the Hospital 690.

Ex-Judge Henry Chapman.

Hon. Henry Chapman, who was Judge of the Courts of Montgomery and Bucks counties from 1862 to 1873, resides in the quietude of his home a few minutes' walk north west of Doylestown. He has attained the ripe age of 83 years, but his eyes are just as bright and his hearing just as dignified but courteous, as when he administered justice on the bench at Norristown twenty years ago. The venerable ex-Judge is a remarkably well preserved man, and his recollection and conversation about events which transpired fifty to sixty years since are remarkably clear and concise. His memory of men more or less prominent in State and national affairs half a century ago is as bright and vigorous as ever. He spends much of his time in reading and writing. Judge Chapman's wife was a daughter of Governor Francis R. Shunk. He was for a few years on the bench in the Chester and Delaware district, and represented Bucks county in Congress two terms.

Spring Mountain.

Sometimes, very often in fact, people travel many miles from home in quest of pleasure, and with a view of feasting their eyes upon natural and artificial attractions, showing a disposition to pass by and pay little or no heed to places of equal or more interest nearer home. We had frequently heard of Spring Mountain. Last Friday we saw both the mountain and the spring as well as countless rocks—all sizes and shapes—and the genial proprietor, Mr. Geo. Hobbs, formerly of Prospect Terrace, this place, also his able assistants—wife, son and daughter, who are at present catering to the wants of lots of city folk. Friday was not an auspicious day for a family picnic, on account of the weather. But nevertheless we reached Spring Mountain's height and "viewed the landscape o'er." Down in the valley coursed the quiet waters of the historic Perkiomen, and along its banks lay beautiful Schwenksville with its pretty brick houses occupied by pretty men and prettier women, kings of finance, gods of poetry and of prose. As far to the south as the eye could reach the view was equally interesting. If we could have viewed the valley by the light of an unclouded sun, we might have been inspired to write poetry. Spring Mountain is beautifully located, its surroundings possess much natural beauty, and if we are not very much mistaken, it will become one of the most attractive summer resorts in Eastern Pennsylvania in the course of a few years. At present every room is engaged. The proprietor, Mr. Hobbs, proposes to make extensive improvements about the place before the opening of another season.

Aspirants.

At the Democratic preparatory meeting held at Norristown last week the following named candidates were placed in general nomination for the various offices. It will be observed that so far as the Democratic brethren are concerned there will not be a scarcity of timber from which to hew candidates. And some of the timber is right good, too.

STATE SENATOR.

Philip Super, New Hanover.
Dr. A. D. Markley, Harbor.
W. H. Sutton, Lower Merion.

ASSEMBLY.

Wm. H. Back, Marlboro.
C. L. Baker, Norristown.
L. H. Davis, Pottstown.
John T. Nocton, Norristown.
Daniel Foley, Conshohocken.
Rudolph Partenheimer, Springfield.
T. M. Harrar, Whitpain.
John S. Jenkins, Lansdale.
George Lower, Springfield.
George W. Aliman, Whitmarsh.
H. Heston Todd, Upper Merion.
Henderson Stipple, Upper Merion.
Jacob L. Stadlerman, Lower Merion.
Wm. L. Rittenhouse, Springfield.
Howard Fleck, Jenkintown.
H. A. Stevens, Norristown.
John Linderman, Frederick.
Wm. Sumers, Jr., Conshohocken.
S. D. Yerkes, Harbor.
D. J. Meagher, Norristown.
Edwood Hoot, Gwynedd.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Jacob V. Gotwals, Norristown.
Samuel Moyer, Jr., "
D. Ogden Rogers, "
Montgomery Evans, Limerick.
W. F. Damehower, Norristown.
E. L. Hallman, Royersford.
E. F. Slough, Norristown.
SHERIFF.
Clifton Rorer, Clentham.
D. H. Rudy, Marlboro.

J. C. Beyer, Whitepain.
J. C. Snyder, Norristown.
E. P. Kelly, Royersford.
W. J. Ferral, Norristown.

COUNTY TREASURER.

William Stahler, Norristown.
Oliver Wamhold, Norristown.
Samuel Efring, Lansdale.
Abel K. Shearer, North Wales.
Jacob R. Yost, Norristown.
Hatchinson Smith, Albington.

DIRECTOR OF THE POOR.

Harry J. Smith, Upper Hanover.
John Frenfield, Bridgeport.
D. H. Keth, New Hanover.
George Longacker, Norristown.
Robert E. Connell, Pottstown.
Isaac G. Grimley, Frederick.
John Shwalter, Pottstown.
Isaac Stearly, Upper Providence.
D. C. Getty, Norristown.
John A. Wentz, Springfield.

CORONER.

Jacob Strahley, Norristown.
Daniel Jacobus, "
Patrick Reilly, "
Peter Emory, "
Isaac Weber, Lower Providence.
Dr. F. W. Bigony, Montgomery.

MEMORY'S HERBARIUM.

Many are the precious relics found, Many are the flowers scattered round Through the pages—heavenly beauties come— Of fond memory's herbarium.

Gems that bloomed in chastest loveliness, Lifting up their heads in joyousness, Smiling in affection's brightest beams, Bathing in love's sparkling limpid streams.

Flowers that sprang in childhood's happy clime When the mind reeked not the lapse of time, Enamored with the pleasures of the hour, Unlighted by misfortune's dreaded power.

Then life's sunny sky no storm disturbed, Then no rumbling thunders e'er were heard Breaking on the sweet serenity That o'er childhood's brightest pleasures lay.

Naught but gentle summer showers fell Causing every bud of joy to swell; Then the sunshine bright' out-poured anew, Painting them with rich and varied hue.

Thus undisturbed by storms of grief and care, That each ere manhood's prime be reached, Must share, And nourished only by bright suns and showers Life's river bank was decked with fairest flowers.

And, from their midst, full many a treasure rare Was culled by Time and placed with tend'rest care

Within the leaves, unspotted pure and fair, Of Memory's flower-book and guarded there.

These early pages, decked with flowers of childhood, Of joyous birth and pure as breath of wild-wood, The mind delights to ope and oft review, And live again the pleasures they renew.

And oft in after years when care and sorrow The brow with lines both deep and frequent furrow;

The soul may from these pages comfort borrow; In dreams of joys long past forget the morrow.

Silvered age upon their beauties loves to dwell And thrilling rapture fill their bosom swell, As how they bloomed and where he eager tells, When, wild and free, he roamed through flow'ry dells.

But some whose cup of life hath filled with grief, See faded emblems mere of pleasures brief

In the pale and withered plants that meet their eyes And lose the rich perfumes that still arise.

But, though their beauty's faded—lustre gone, To hearts from which all joy has not withdrawn,

Their beauty comes fraught with dreams of the past And sheds its fragrance for the soul's repast.

Flowers that burst the bud in youth's wild age Thick and frequent dot the album page— Sweetest those whose petals were unfolded And, death the warmth of social pleasures, moulded;

Or such as bloomed in friendship's cheering rays,— True friendship strengthening with the lapse of days,

With smiles of gladness for each friend's success And sympathetic tears for each distress.

Strong manhood, too, has yielded many a pleasure, And from its time has gathered many a treasure. No soil so rich to yield the envied bliss As where the father claims the nightly kiss.

Around the family hearth-stone clustering, spring The purest joys, serene and deep, that bring A sweet and cheering influence to the breast By labor wearied or with care oppressed.

But sad it is that amongst this bright array Of treasured joys—mementoes sweet that sway The heart with fond emotions,—there should be Such too that bring remorseful memory.

But Time is life's impartial botanist And culls alike the flower and poisonous weed; And Memory's page immaculate is pressed By sad memorials of evil deed. J. H. H.

MARRIAGES.

August 1st. By Rev. J. J. Sleeper at his residence, 51 Cooper St., Camden, Mr. William L. Holmes and Miss Mary A. Dunley, of Phila.

DIED.

On July 22, 1886, Cleora C. twin son of Lizzie A. and the late Cicero C. Keelor, and grandson of David and the late Sophia Trucksees. Aged 6 years 5 months and 11 days.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the Augustus Lutheran Sunday School Society, Trappe, held August 2, 1886, a committee was appointed who adopted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father in his all-wise Providence to remove from our midst, our beloved friend and sister, Emma L. Bechtel, therefore,

Resolved, that we bow submissively to the Divine will, being fully assured that our loss is her gain.

Resolved, That through death's cold dart which hath broken the spell of her free, glad heart, we have lost a member of untiring energy, a gentle friend and a true servant in the Father's vineyard.

Resolved, that we tender our heartfelt sympathies to the family in this their sad bereavement, for the irreparable loss of an affectionate and obedient daughter and while mourning with them, would direct them to Him who "doeth all things well."

Resolved, That these resolutions be put upon the records of the school, copies to be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and to be printed in the PROVIDENCE INDEPENDENT.

LENA M. SHULER, } Committee.
CORA K. RAMBO, }
ELMIRA T. MILLER }

FOR SALE!

10 shares Stock Royersford National Bank with \$50 per share paid thereon, and 2 shares stock National Bank of Spring City. Call on or address S. B. LATSHAW, Royersford, Pa.

FOR SALE!

WHEAT STRAW. Apply to F. P. FARINGER, Ironbridge, Pa.

PUBLIC SALE OF

FRESH COWS.

Will be sold at Public Sale, on MONDAY, AUGUST 16, '86, at Perkiomen Bridge Hotel, 20 Head of Fresh Cows with calves direct from York county. Good judgment was exercised in the selection of this stock, and it will be to the interest of purchasers to attend sale. Sale at 2 o'clock, sharp. Conditions by J. G. Fetterolf, auctioneer. H. H. ALLEBACH, I. H. Johnson, clerk.

PUBLIC SALE OF

FRESH COWS

Will be sold at Public Sale on SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, '86, at Smoyer's Hotel Trappe, 30 Head of Fresh Cows, from Ohio. This is a lot of fine cows, of good size and weight excellent buggers and milkers. Sale at 2 o'clock. Conditions by J. G. Fetterolf, auctioneer. J. S. FREDERICK.

COLLEGEVILLE—Roller Mills!

CAPACITY: 300 BUSHELS OF WHEAT, 100 BUSHELS OF RYE, AND 50 BARRELS OF FLOUR DAILY.

Wheat and Rye Wanted!

For which I will pay highest prices in cash, and still higher if taken out in trade.

FOR SALE ROLLER FLOUR, RYE FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, OF ALL KINDS.

Seed Wheat at reasonable prices. Timothy and Clover Seed. Also TRINLEY'S and the BUFFALO

FERTILIZERS!

-BRAN- By the car load close to cost. MIDDINGS retail at car-load prices. Wheat grists ground by the old process or exchanged for Roller Flour. Chopping done, etc.

E. PAIST, Collegeville, Penna.

THE LATEST NOVELTIES For SPRING and SUMMER

Collegeville Millinery.

I take this method to inform my patrons and the ladies in general, that my stock of

Millinery Goods

is ample in variety and quality. An early and careful inspection is solicited. In addition to the millinery business I am prepared to teach Art Work and execute the same to order with promptness.

J. W. ROYER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
TRAPPE, PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic Hall.

M. Y. WEBER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
EVANSBURG, PA.
Office Hours:—until 9 a. m., 7 to 9 p. m. Branch Office:—RAHN STATION; Office Hours:—from 1 to 6 p. m.

J. H. HAMER, M. D.
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
Office Hours:—Till 9 a. m. 12 to 2 p. m. After 6 p. m.
Special attention given to diseases of the eye and ear.

DR. B. F. PLACE,
DENTIST!!
36 E. Airy Street, (opposite Veranda House) NORRISTOWN. Branch Office: COLLEGEVILLE, Mondays and Tuesdays.
Prices greatly reduced.

N. S. BORNEMAN, D. D. S.,
(DR. OF DENTAL SURGERY)
Formerly of Boyertown, now at 403 MARSHALL ST., CONZETTA ST., NORRISTOWN, PA.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of pure nitrous oxide gas, ether, &c.; also by applying the new local anesthetic, cocaine, which is more brought in contact with the gum, the patient being perfectly sensible, teeth are extracted without pain. Artificial sets from \$5 to \$8—the very best. Filling teeth a specialty. English and German spoken. 4-22-0m.

F. G. HOBSON,
Attorney-at-Law.
Cor. MAIN and SWEDE Streets, Norristown, Pa. Can be seen every evening at his residence. Freehold.

H. M. BROWNBACK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 8 AIRY STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.
Jun. 25-1yr.

AUGUSTUS W. BOMBERGER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLACKSTONE BUILDING, No. 727 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.
Second Floor, Room 15.
Can be seen every evening at his residence, COLLEGEVILLE, Pa.
Dec. 17, 1yr.

A. D. FETTEROLF,
Justice of the Peace
COLLEGEVILLE Pa.
CONVEYANCER and General Business agent. Will clerk sales at reasonable rates.

WM. S. ESSICK,
JUSTICE of the PEACE!
MAIN STREET, ROYERSFORD, PA.
Broker in Insurance and Real Estate. Money wanted for loans on real mortgage. Brief of title furnished in all cases. Correspondence solicited. 606

JOHN H. CASSELBERRY,
(3/4 mile north of Trappe.)
Surveyor and Conveyancer
Sales clerk; sale bills prepared. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Nov. 8-0m. P. O. Address: Limerick Square.

J. P. KOONS,
Practical Slater!!
RAHN'S STATION Pa.
Dealer in every quality of Roofing, Flagging, and Ornamental Slates. Send for estimates, and prices.

LEWIS WISMER,
Practical Slater!
Collegeville, Pa. Always on hand roofing slate and slate flagging, and roofing felt. All orders promptly attended to. Also on hand a large lot of greystone flagging.

EDWARD DAVID,
PAINTER and PAPER-HANGER,
COLLEGEVILLE PA.
Orders promptly attended to. Can do any kind of work in the line of painting, graining, and paper-hanging, satisfactorily. Estimates cheerfully furnished upon application.

SAMUEL P. SHANTZ,
Carpenter and Builder.
RAHN STATION, PA.
Contractor for all kinds of Carpenter Work. No pains spared to give satisfaction.

J. G. T. MILLER,
CARPENTER and BUILDER,
TRAPPE PA.
Estimates for work furnished upon application, and contracts taken. All orders will be attended to promptly. Jan. 1, '85, 1fr.

J. W. GOTWALS,
PAINTER, GRAINER, & PAPER HANGER,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
All orders promptly executed. apr-16-1fr

THE POPULAR DINING ROOMS,
Under Acker's Building, Swede Street, near Main, Norristown.
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Rag Carpet woven to order in any style desired. Satisfaction guaranteed. Good Rag Carpet for sale at reasonable prices.

Department of Agriculture.
PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.
HOW INOCULATION IS PRACTICED TO PREVENT IT.

For the past three years Pennsylvania has been the only one of the States infected by this disease which, from time to time, could be pronounced free from it, and which could trace all outbreaks to infection from other States. Much of this success is due to the plan pursued, and this is practically acknowledged by the fact that the special agent of the Governor was recently summoned to Washington for consultation with the National authorities as to a course to be adopted by all the States, in a general attempt to get rid of the disease.

As soon as the herd is taken possession of by the State officers all diseased animals are killed and the others inoculated. A portion of the virus from the lung of a diseased animal is inserted under the skin near the end of the tail, and in the course of from eight to ten days the peculiar symptoms are, to a very limited extent, exhibited. Great care is necessary in the selection of the virus for inoculation. If the disease in the lung from which it is taken is too far advanced there is danger of blood poisoning. If not very far advanced it will fail to take effect. Thus far it has been found to be an ample protection.

In performing the operation the hair is first removed from a point near the end of the tail, and with a needle made for the purpose, a section of woolen yarn saturated with the virus is drawn under the skin and left there; in about one week more or less inflammation is shown, and in bad cases the portion of the tail below the inoculation drops off; after having reached a certain point all symptoms subside and the animal is found to possess an immunity from the disease in exactly the same manner as exists in animal which has had a light attack in the natural way and has recovered. In three years' experience no inoculated animal, although purposely exposed in some cases to infection, has been known to have the disease in any shape or form. It is claimed that this inoculation gives immunity for a considerable length of time, but how long it may be depended upon the State officers are not prepared to say.

It is claimed in this way many animals have been freed from all danger, and that the saving to owners has amounted to several thousand dollars; in all cases it has saved much expense to the State. After a little experience the operator, assisted by a novice, can inoculate forty animals per hour, and in Europe, where it is practiced, it is common to charge five cents per head for the operation. The only skill required being in the selection of the virus from the diseased lung. It is possible to cultivate the virus and by repeated cultivation to reduce its power, but after careful experiments it is not found to be necessary, and the matter direct from the diseased lung is used.

The plan has been adopted by the States of New York, Maryland, New Jersey, and Delaware, and is found to be as successful there as here.

MIXED PICKLES.
Ohio paid \$12,921,349 internal taxes during the last fiscal year.

A Michigan mother has 17 healthy children living, the oldest of whom is only 19 years of age.

A Florida letter states that, down there, a watermelon a yard long can be bought for 25 cents.

San Francisco had a thunder storm July 46, an occurrence hitherto unknown to the oldest inhabitant.

English clubs are excited because of the queen's meddling with the formation of a coalition ministry.

A prominent Philadelphia physician asserts that much of the so-called malaria is pure laziness. Correct!

Sarah Bernhardt has taken Buenos Ayres by storm. The nightly receipts for her performances average \$11,000

The Yale classes of '86 planted an ivy brought from Mt. Helicon, in Greece, and now some ruthless vandal has stolen it.

Owing to the drought, Wisconsin farmers have been selling good horses at \$30, and fine cows as low as \$5 and \$6 each.

This year's peach crop of the Delaware and Maryland peach belt is estimated at between 2,500,000 and 3,000,000 baskets.

It was suggested that the President appoint the day succeeding the adjournment of congress for national thanksgiving.

Pittsburg brewers want local drinkers to boycott St. Louis, Cincinnati and Milwaukee lager, whether union-made or not.

California wine output this year will reach 25,000,000 gallons, an increase of

10,000,000 gallons over the production of 1885.
A Dallas, Texas, coroner records this verdict: "W. B. Bickham came to his death by two pistol shots in the hands of E. G. Fritz."

Within the past few days a gold nugget was found in a drift mine near Sierra City, Cal., which weighed 37 pounds and is valued at \$7,000.

A document connected with the memorable siege of Gloucester by the forces of Charles I, in 1643, was recently sold in England for 10 guineas.

Two donations to the government conscience fund, amounting to \$220, have been received at the treasury department from Louisville, Ky.

A cotton market is to be established at Bremen for the accommodation of German consumers who now draw their supplies from Liverpool.

The library committee of congress has recommended the purchase of a picture of the fight between the Monitor and the Merrimac for \$7,500.

Michigan prohibitionists are raising a row because, as they say, wine lockers have been placed in the new private car built for Governor Algor.

The house of representatives has decided that the armor plates to be used in constructing the new war vessels must be made of American manufacture.

The members of an African Methodist church at Reading, Pa., demand the removal of their pastor, on the ground that he is too highly polished.

While fishing in East River, last Saturday, two New York boys hooked a shark 10 feet long. With some assistance the monster was drawn ashore and killed.

Gross bank exchanges through the clearing houses amounted to \$801,618,828 for the week ending July 24. Increase over corresponding week last year 4.1 per cent.

The town of Hamadan, Persia, contains the tomb of Mordecai and Queen Esther, of Scripture fame. It is well preserved and an object of veneration to Jewish pilgrims.

Two brothers who reside in Lincoln county, Ga., married two sisters. Both have large families, but the children of one family are all boys and of the other all girls.

An eastern man has invented a process by which wire nails are cut, headed and strung together so that they can be wound in a coil, thus saving the use of kegs.

A woman's labor union has been incorporated at San Francisco, for the purpose of manufacturing wearing apparel, establishing laundries, restaurants and reading rooms.

An old-fashioned board of investigation—The shingle.

MAMBRINO HASSON.
PEDIGREE. Mambrino Hasson was sired by Rel's Mambrino Pilot, he by Mambrino Chief, by Mambrino Paymaster, he by Mambrino, he by Imported Messenger, Mambrino Pilots Dam by Alexander's Pilot, Jr., Dam of Mambrino Hasson, by Hasson, of Salem, Ohio; he by Imported Ironm, (an Arabian horse presented to President Van Buren by the Sultan of Morocco); Dam of Hasson was by Utility, he by American Eclipse.
—MAMBRINO HASSON—
Will make the season for 1886 at the stable of his owner, At Westmoreland Square, Pa., At Fifty Dollars a Mare. Mares not proving with foal can be returned the next season free of charge. Mambrino Hasson took the first premium for the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, at Philadelphia, 1885, for the finest bred trotting stallion; he also won the 2:30 race at the Pottstown Fair, making a record of 2:31; he has shown trials in 2:25.
JOS. C. BEYER, 4-8 Norristown, P. O., Pa.

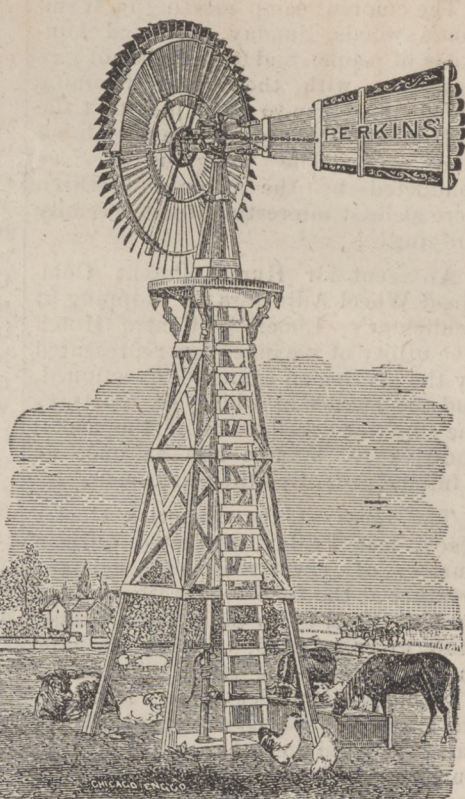
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Repairing in all its branches Promptly Attended to
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are such as to enable us to do strictly First-class work promptly and at reasonable prices. The Job Work done at the INDEPENDENT office favorably compares with that done anywhere in the County. Favor us with your orders and we will do our best to serve you well.

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Natural Guano!

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